



YOU CAN WIN A SPIDER-MAN T-SHIRT—SEE INSIDE!

POW!

No. 49

23rd DEC. 1967

EVERY

MONDAY

7d.

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

MAN ALONE!

**YOUR
POW!
SHORT
STORY**

**WAS IT ONLY
A HARMLESS
DREAM, OR
WAS HIS
TERRIFYING
NIGHTMARE
DESTINED
TO...
COME
TRUE??!**

YOU OUT THERE, COME
CLOSER... CLOSER... GAZE
UPON THE SHROUDED
FIGURE OF FATE AND
LISTEN, AS HE SPEAKS...

IN THIS LEDGER ARE
INSCRIBED A THOUSAND
NAMES OF MORTALS
WHO HAVE TRIED TO
ESCAPE THEIR DESTINY!



ONE SUCH HUMAN
LIVED IN THE 18th
CENTURY! HE WAS
A MAN PLAGUED BY
A RECURRING
NIGHTMARE...

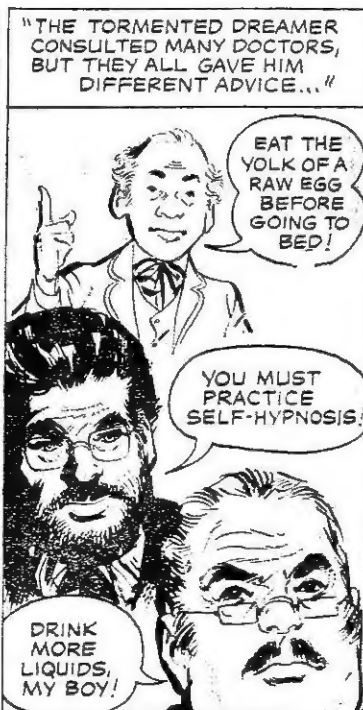


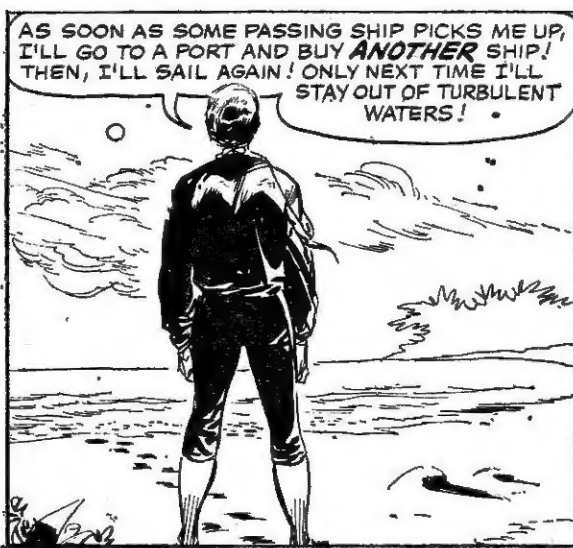
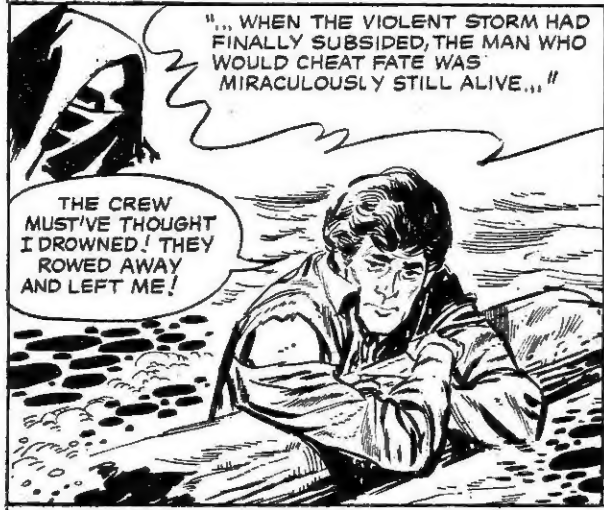
NO...
UHHH...
NO...

THE COURT HAS FOUND YOU
GUILTY! YOU ARE SENTENCED
TO A MAXIMUM TERM IN
SOLITARY CONFINEMENT!

NO!
YOU
CAN'T!









"THE COMING OF THE SCORPION!"

OR: "SPIDEY BATTLES SCORPEY!"



AND JUST WHO IS SCORPEY? IF ANYONE MISSED LAST WEEK'S ISH (THROUGH EARTHQUAKE, FLOOD OR HURRICANE! THERE HAS TO BE SOME GOOD REASON!!) HE HAS BEEN HIRED BY J.J. JAMESON TO BEAT SPIDEY... AND GIVEN THE SUPER-POWERS TO DO IT BY A SCIENTIST'S AMAZING SERUM! WITH A COSTUME AND A FEW GADGETS, THE SCORPION IS IN BUSINESS! THEN THE SCIENTIST DISCOVERS THAT HIS SERUM WILL TURN THE SCORPION INTO A RUTHLESS CRIMINAL WITH NO SENSE OF RIGHT OR WRONG... HE RUSHES INTO THE STREETS WITH AN ANTIDOTE! BUT WILL HE REACH SCORPEY IN TIME? WE SUGGEST YOU READ ON, FRANTIC ONE. ITS THE ONLY WAY TO FIND OUT.

AS THE NOW-DESPERATE SCIENTIST RUSHES INTO THE STREET, THE SCORPION PROVES TO BE AS POWERFUL AS STILLWELL FEARED...

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE ON RECEIVING END FOR ONCE, LITTLE MAN?? WHAT'S WRONG, CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?



HOW ABOUT THAT? I KNOCKED HIM OUT!! THIS IS THE EASIEST KNOCKOUT ANYONE'S EVER MADE!



OKAY, USELESS... YOU CAN SLEEP IT OFF IN THAT EMPTY WATER TOWER. I'VE GOT OTHER THINGS TO DO NOW!



THUS SPIDER-MAN SUFFERS ONE OF HIS GREATEST DEFEATS, AS HE LIES MOTIONLESS ATOP THE ROOF, HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES STILLED... HIS POTENT SPIDER POWER TEMPORARILY DORMANT... ONLY THE BEATING OF HIS VALIANT HEART TESTIFYING TO THE LIFE WHICH REMAINS... TO THE AWESOME ENERGY WHICH IS SLOWLY RETURNING...



WHILE, A SCANT FEW YARDS AWAY, HIS TRIUMPHANT Foe CHORTLES WITH GHOULISH GLEE...

I'VE WON! I'VE BEATEN SPIDER-MAN! HE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!



AND, IF I CAN BEAT HIM SO EASY, THEN NOBODY CAN STOP ME! THE WHOLE CITY IS MINE FOR THE TAKING!

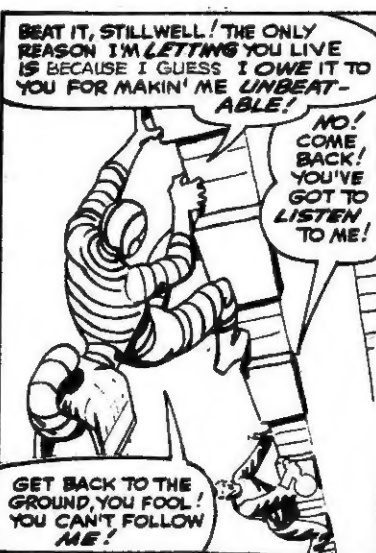
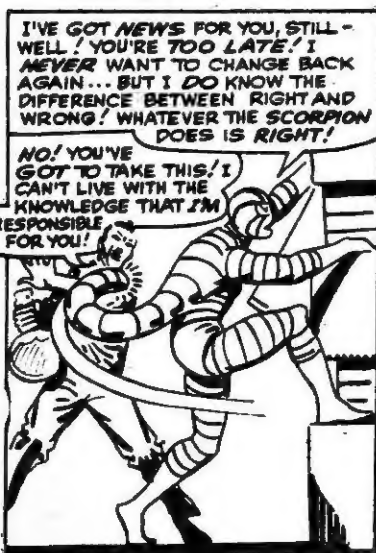


SUDDENLY, JONAH JAMESON'S VOICE RINGS OUT FROM A WINDOW BELOW...

SCORPION! WHERE'S SPIDER-MAN? BRING HIM TO ME SO I CAN UNMASK HIM!

GET HIM YOURSELF! I'M TAKING THROUGH TAKING ORDERS FROM YOU, MISTER! NOBODY TELLS THE SCORPION WHAT TO DO!





THEN, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, AN ALERT SPIDER-MAN, SWINGING OVER-HEAD, HAPPENS TO SEE...

I'M TOO LATE TO HELP THAT POOR GUY WHO FELL... BUT AT LEAST I CAN GRAB THE SCORPION!

DROP THAT JEWEL SACK, MISTER! THIS IS IT!

THWAP!

SPIDER-MAN!

YOU DIDN'T THINK A LUCKY KNOCK-OUT WOULD STOP ME FOR LONG, DID YOU?

I DIDN'T LOSE ANY SLEEP WORRYING ABOUT IT, EITHER! I DIDN'T THINK YOU'D BE DUMB ENOUGH TO COME BACK FOR MORE!

BUT, BEING YOU'RE A GLUTTON FOR PUNISHMENT, I'LL MAKE IT WORTH YOUR WHILE!

IT WON'T BE SO EASY THIS TIME... NOW I'M READY FOR YOU!

A FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT'LL DO YOU! I'M STRONGER THAN EVER NOW... AS YOU'RE GOING TO FIND OUT!

THIS IS ONE FIGHT YOU WON'T WALK AWAY FROM, PUNK!

AND, EVEN AS THE BATTLE PROGRESSES, THE SCORPION SEEMS TO GROW MORE POWERFUL, MORE DANGEROUS, WITH EACH PASSING SECOND...

FOR HE HAS ALREADY PASSED THE POINT OF NO RETURN! EVEN THE ANTIDOTE SERUM WOULD NOT HELP HIM NOW! HE IS TRULY... THE SCORPION!

HIS BODY HAS ATTAINED THE MAXIMUM DEGREE OF SUPER POWER! HIS BRAIN HAS BEEN SUBTLY ALTERED UNTIL ITS STANDARDS ARE THOSE OF THE PREDATORY BEAST! HE HAS BECOME THE EMBODIMENT OF ALL THAT IS EVIL!!

MEANWHILE, THE SCHEMING PUBLISHER OF THE DAILY BUGLE GROWS MORE PANICKY WITH EACH NEW BULLETIN HE RECEIVES...

WHAT?? STILLWELL IS DEAD?? AND THE SCORPION HAS ROBBED CARTER'S JEWELRY STORE??

A POLICE DRAGNET IS COMBING THE CITY?? PEOPLE ARE LOCKING THEMSELVES INDOORS??

NOBODY KNOWS IT, BUT IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I'M THE ONE TO BLAME! IF NOT FOR ME, THERE WOULD BE NO SCORPION!

AND, IN SO DOING, I'VE UNLEASHED A FAR WORSE MENACE UPON THE WORLD! A MENACE I CAN NO LONGER CONTROL! A MENACE WHICH NO ONE CAN CONTROL!

JUST TO SATISFY MY OWN PERSONAL HATRED, I TRIED TO DESTROY SPIDER-MAN!

AND EVEN AS JAMESON REMAINS LOCKED IN HIS OFFICE, A PRISONER OF HIS OWN CONSCIENCE, HIS OWN GUILT... THE EPIC BATTLE CONTINUES...

YOU'VE HAD MORE EXPERIENCE! YOU MIGHT EVEN BE MORE SKILFUL BUT POWER IS ALL THAT REALLY MATTERS!

AND POWER IS WHAT I'VE GOT!

HE'S RIGHT! I WAS A FOOL TO TRY TO TRADE BLOWS WITH HIM! HE IS STRONGER! I'VE GOT TO CHANGE MY STRATEGY!

HERE'S WHERE I PUT YOU AWAY FOR GOOD, LITTLE MAN!

UNNGH! WHOOM!

HERE... CHEW ON THIS FOR A WHILE!

AND NOW, ONE SCORPION SMASH OUGHT TO BE ALL IT TAKES TO... OWW!

THWAP!

I FEEL AS THOUGH I BUSTED EVERY ONE OF MY FINGERS!





LET'S SEE IF YOU STILL FEEL LIKE SUCH A BIG MAN WITHOUT THAT ARTIFICIAL TAIL OF YOURS!

SNAP!



BUT THEN, ONE OF THE SCORPION'S PINCER-LIKE HANDS LASHES OUT, CATCHING THE BATTLING TEEN-AGER IN A GRIP OF STEEL!

NOW IT'S MY TURN, YOU OVERRATED CLOWN!



BUT, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO PULL AWAY, AS THE SCORPION EXPECTS, SPIDEY CHARGES TOWARDS HIM, CATCHING HIM OFF-BALANCE!

OOF!

SURE! IT'S YOUR TURN TO LOSE!



SORRY, SCORP... THIS TIME I'M NOT PLAYING IT YOUR WAY! INSTEAD OF SLUGGING IT OUT WITH YOU, I'LL USE MY SPIDER-SENSE TO EASILY DODGE YOUR BLOWS! ...LIKE THIS!



AND THEN, WHILE YOU'RE STANDING FLAT-FOOTED, WONDERING WHAT TO DO NEXT, I'LL JOIN THE PARTY!

KLOP!



WHAT'S HAPPENING?? HAVE I GONE MAD? HERE I AM, CHEERING FOR SPIDER-MAN... THE ONE I HATE WORST IN ALL THE WORLD!

THAT'S IT, SPIDEY! HIT HIM, AGAIN! AND AGAIN! BE SURE HE'S BEATEN! DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES! GOOD... GOOD... GOOD!

PTOW!



ALL RIGHT, JAMESON... HE'S ALL YOURS! BE SURE THE POLICE GET HERE BEFORE HE COMES TO AGAIN!

YOU BEAT HIM! YOU DEFEATED SOMEONE WHO'S STRONGER THAN YOU!

IT HAPPENS ALL THE TIME! EVER HEAR OF DAVID AND GOLIATH?



MY SECRET IS SAFE... FOR NOW! BUT WHAT SUPREME IRONY! I WAS SAVED FROM A MENACE WHOM I MYSELF HELPED TO CREATE... SAVED BY THE ONE HE WAS CREATED TO DESTROY!



A SHORT TIME LATER...

GOSH, I'M ALL CUT AND BRUISED! WHAT'LL I SAY TO AUNT MAY? ...AND THE KIDS AT SCHOOL?

I'D BETTER THINK OF SOMETHING FAST!



AND THEN... I GUESS THE BEST THING IS TO CRUMPLE UP MY CLOTHES AS THOUGH I'VE BEEN IN SOME SORT OF ACCIDENT! I'LL SAY I GOT BOWLED OVER PLAYING TOUCH FOOTBALL! AT LEAST NO ONE WILL BE ABLE TO DIS-PROVE IT!



AND SO... UH-OH! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW I'D BUMP INTO THE WHOLE BLAMED CROWD ALL AT ONCE!!

WELL, WELL! IF IT ISN'T PUNY PARKER WITH HIS ITTY BITTY FACE ALL SCRATCHED UP!

DON'T TELL ME A JELLYFISH LIKE YOU ACTUALLY GOT INTO A FIGHT!



WHAT HAPPENED, USELESS? DID SOME INFANT IN A CARRIAGE BEAT YOU UP FOR TRYING TO TAKE ITS LOLLIPOP AWAY?

OKAY, THOMPSON! I'VE TAKEN ALL I CAN FROM YOU NOW. I'M GOING TO MAKE YOU EAT THOSE WORDS!



ON, NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TRICK ME INTO FIGHTING YOU WHILE YOU'RE ALL BRUISED, SO THAT YOU'LL HAVE AN EXCUSE FOR LOSING! WHEN I WALLOP YOU I DON'T WANT YOU TO HAVE ANY ALIBI!

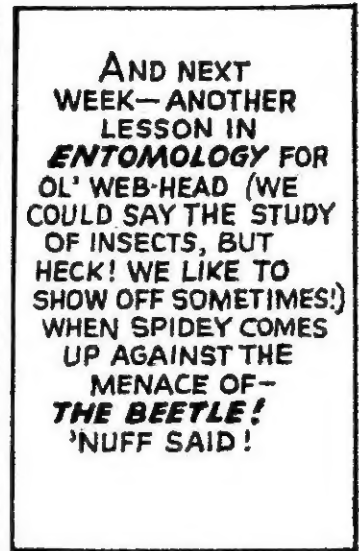
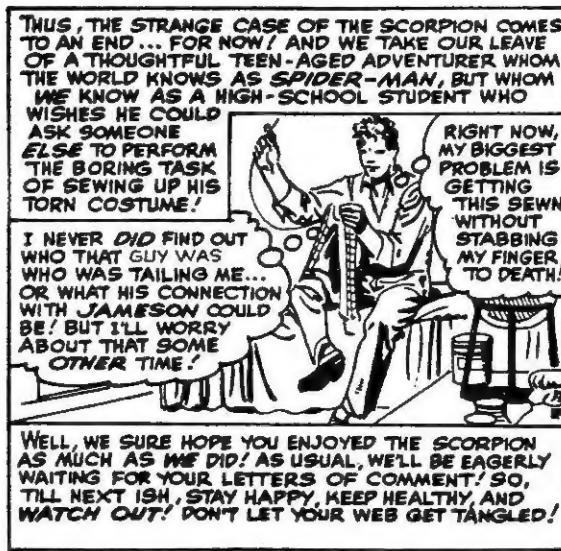
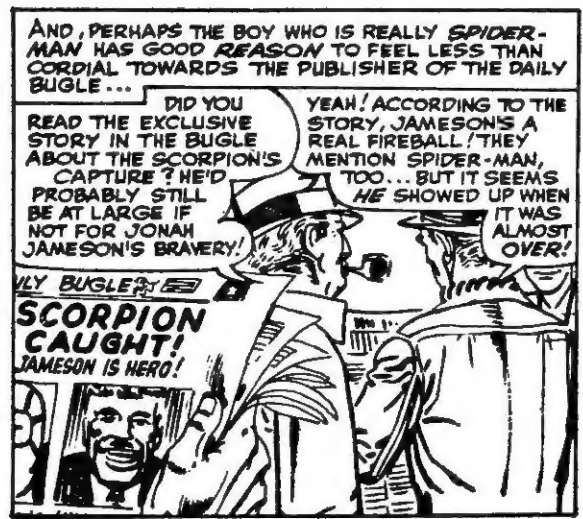
HE'LL NEVER KNOW HOW LUCKY HE IS! I ALMOST LOST CONTROL OF MY TEMPER! I'D HAVE PULVERIZED HIM!



FINALLY, WHEN PETER REACHES HOME... I HATE LYING TO HER... BUT I'VE NO CHOICE! SHE'D WORRY HERSELF SICK IF SHE EVER SUSPECTED THAT I'M SPIDER-MAN!

PETER PARKER, LOOK AT YOU! WHAT ON EARTH HAPPENED, DEAR? YOU'RE ALL BRUISED! I KNOW, AUNT MAY! BUT IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS! I WAS PLAYING FOOTBALL, AND I FELL A COUPLE OF TIMES!

HER... BUT I'VE NO CHOICE! SHE'D WORRY HERSELF SICK IF SHE EVER SUSPECTED THAT I'M SPIDER-MAN!



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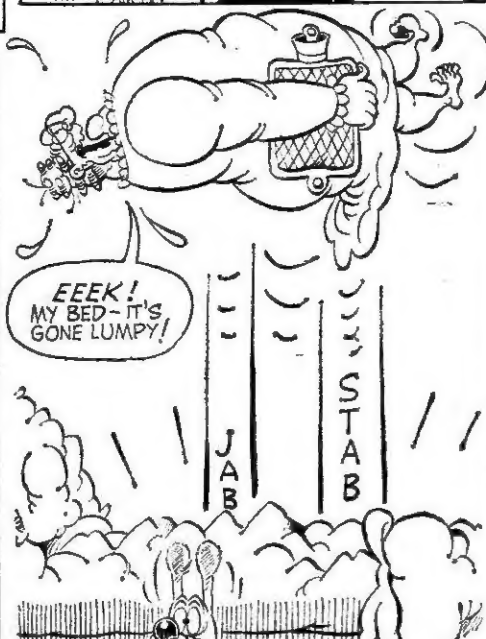
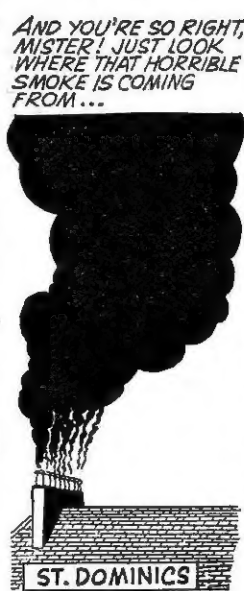
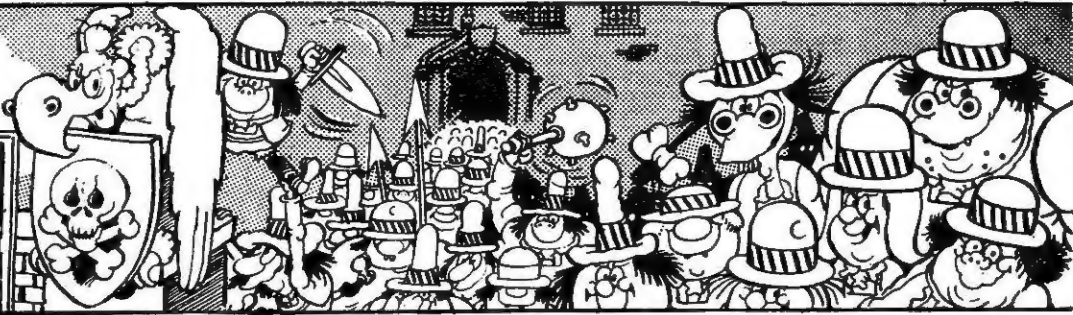
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ORDER YOUR COPIES TODAY!



The Dolls of St. Dominic's



AND SO THE FOLLOWING DAY... AFTER A HARD NIGHT FOR MISS BOLSTER...

'TAINT FAIR! AFTER ALL, WE DID AS MISS BOLSTER ASKED US! WE PUT OUR ROCK CAKES AND PIES IN A SAFE PLACE!

YEAH! AND WHAT DO WE GET FOR ALL OUR TROUBLE? FIVE THOUSAND LINES A PIECE!

FIVE THOUSAND LINES - 'I MUST NOT PUT BURNT COOKIES IN MISS BOLSTER'S BED'!

HOW DO YOU SPELL 'NOT'?

AND WE'RE ALSO NOT GETTIN' ANY DINNER NEITHER

ME TUMMY'S RUMBLIN' ALREADY!

IT'S INHUMAN, THAT'S WHAT IT IS!

HEY, GIRLS! LITTLE ME'S GOT A BIG BRAIN - WAVE!

POOR LITTLE LAD - HE LOOKS FAMISHED - HE DOES!

YEAH! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO EAT ALL OUR NICE ROCK CAKES AND PIES WE BAKED IN COOKERY CLASS?

PLEASE! NOT THAT! I'LL DO ANYTHING IF YOU WON'T MAKE ME EAT YOUR COOKING!

OKAY, GIRLS, COME ON, LET'S GO! THAT TAKES CARE OF OUR LINES FOR US!

BEST SCHOOL PAPER

ZOOM

YEAH! I ONLY WISH WE COULD TAKE CARE OF MISS BOLSTER THAT EASY!

HEY, GIRLS - WHY DON'T YOU LET ME COOK UP SOME NICE STEW FOR MISS BOLSTER? I'VE GOT A SMASHING RECIPE FROM AN AUNT OF MINE - WHO WAS A PROPER OLD WITCH!

SMASHIN' IDEA WILHELMINA!

COO! HE'S A BEAUTY! WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?

HANGING AROUND THE SPORTS FIELD - MUST BE A CRICKET BAT!

TOO HOT FOR ME-LIKING - AND SHE PROMISED ME A COOL DIP!

... ADD SOME STINGING NETTLES, AND STIR BRISKLY...

GLOOP! BUBBLE!

SPELLS FOR YE BEGINNERS BY FANNY HEMLOCK

KNOCK! KNOCK!

COME IN!

CONTROLLING DELINQUENTS BY PROBATION OFFICER T. D.

PLEASE, MISS BOLSTER, THE GIRLS HAVE ALL BEEN READING UP ON THEIR COOKERY - AND HAVE COOKED YOU UP A SPECIAL BREW - ER - I MEAN STEW!

HISS!

MY, HOW NICE! AND IT SMELLS SO GOOD! I MUST TRY IT!

COO! I WONDER IF WE DID RIGHT!

GOSH! I HOPE IT WORKS PROPERLY!

GLUB SLURP SLOOP!

GRACIOUS! SUPPOSE IT TURNS HER INTO AN EVEN BIGGER MONSTER!

CRUMBS, WE'RE FOR IT NOW!

GIRLS!

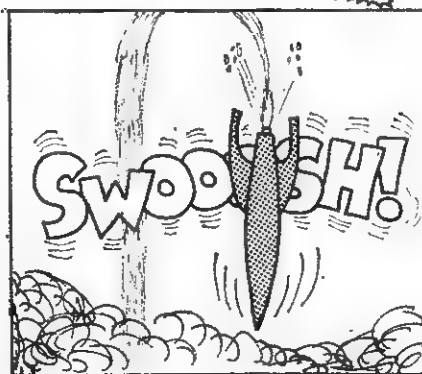
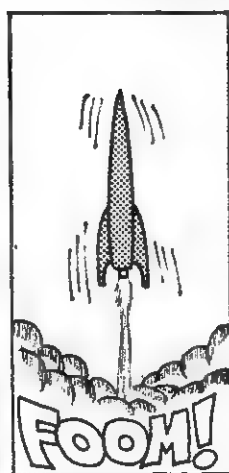
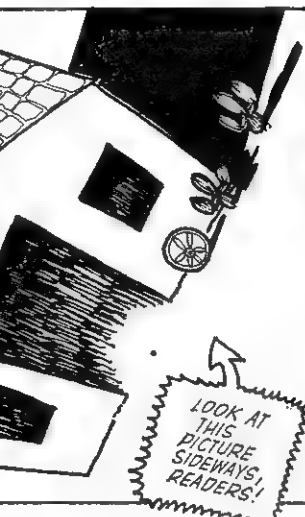
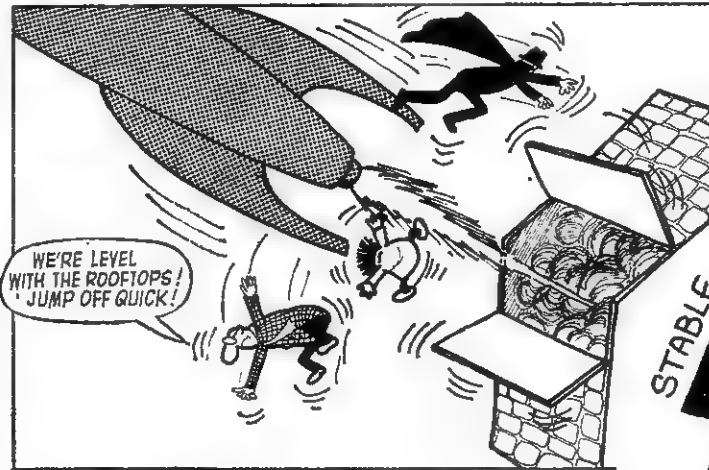
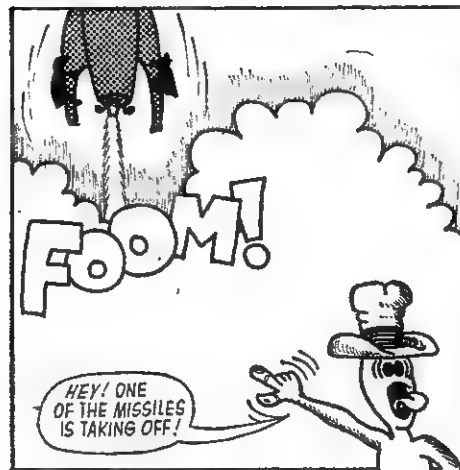
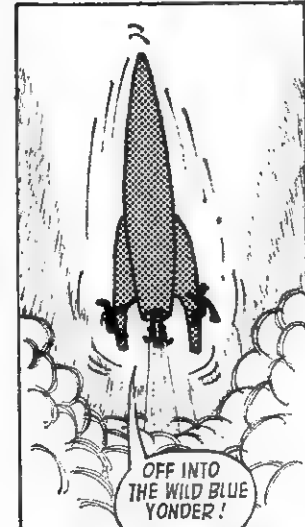
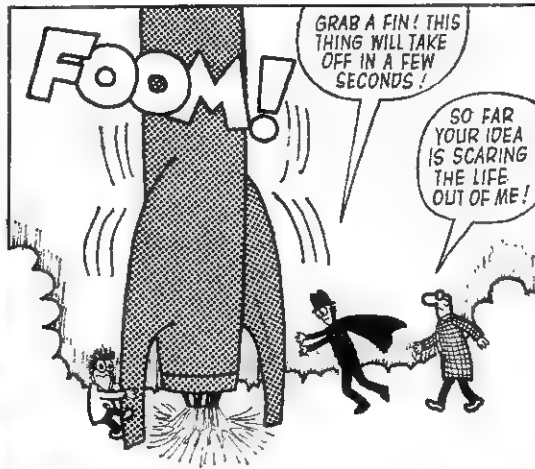
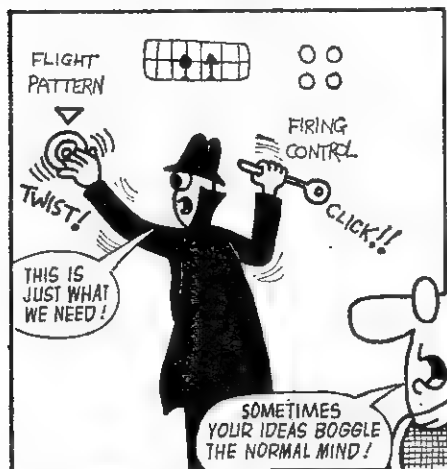
GIRLS - YOUR STEW WAS ABSOLUTELY DELICIOUS! IT'S MADE ME FEEL A NEW WOMAN! YOU CAN ALL HAVE A WEEK'S HOLIDAY - AND DOUBLE HELPINGS OF YOUR FAVOURITE SWEETS AT MEAL TIMES!

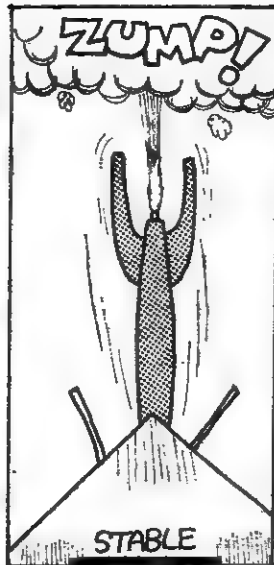
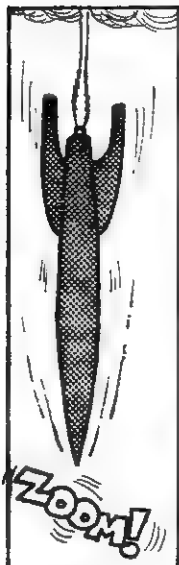
DAB

THREE CHEERS FOR WILHELMINA - THE BEST COOK IN THE COOKERY CLASS - HIP-HIP...

WONDER WHAT WENT WRONG?

THE CLOAK GOES WEST





AS IT IS SO NEAR CHRISTMAS, THE CLOAK THOUGHT HE'D GIVE YOU SOMETHING EXTRA THIS WEEK! YOUR OWN OFFICIAL CLOAK BADGE AND IDENTITY CARD! SIMPLY CUT THEM OUT AND PASTE TO STIFF CARD! TAPE A SAFETY PIN ON THE BACK OF THE BADGE AND WEAR IT ON YOUR LAPEL!

PRESENTED WITH "Pow!"

THE CLOAK

identity card

NAME: _____





Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: Pow-Wow, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

Colin, all we can say is . . . this nest did have eggs in it. That's the kind of daffy birds we get around the Power House (seriously though, t'was a leetle naturalistic boob).

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

POW is absolutely smashing. I think it is the best comic ever. . . . By the way in the Spider-man story . . . how did THE SANDMAN become The Sandman?

Nicholas Grant,
Chelmsford, Essex.

Well, Nicholas, lad. We could refer you back to POW No. 7 . . . but to save you all that trouble we'll tell you right here. Flint Marko (a real genuine "baddie") escaped from gaol, vowing never to be re-captured alive, and hid in an atomic devices' testing centre. He was caught in a nuclear explosion and the radioactivity made the molecules of his body merge with the molecules of sand under his feet . . . and thus he took on the qualities of the sand itself. PHEW! Okay?!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Why don't you include a story in POW about "super ghosts"? If you decide to do so I include a picture, designed by myself, of what he would look like. . . .

Colin Ridley,
Rowlands Gill, Co. Durham.

Thanks for the pic, Colin . . . and jolly well drawn t'was, too! But as for the super ghost idea . . . trouble is we don't really BELIEVE in ghosts . . . and that's why we never used them before. But maybe you have a workable idea there. We'll mull it over. And thanks again.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I like POW very much and I particularly like seeing THE CLOAK, which is great! As well as the other things that appear in POW, of course. But I wish The Editor could think of something that was EXCITING and DIFFERENT every week. . . .

Francis McGudde,
Anfield, Liverpool 5.

So does The Editor!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think POW 43 was the greatest published. The extra space you gave to the letters was well worth it. I must say I disagree entirely with Jimmy Newbigging in saying that the short stories are "quite idiotic," I personally think they're GREAT!

Ken Sharman,
Banbury, Oxon.

Glad to say that, the majority of readers (going by the letters we receive) feel the same way as you, Ken.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think POW is wonderful. In one issue Brain of The Group said: "A twenty-six letter word meaning the cross between a hypodermic haggis and thermostatic tiddlywink." After many long, long hours of brain punishing I have solved this problem . . . and the answer is . . . "HYPODERMOSTATY-TIDDLYHAGGIS"

Stephen Hough,
Four Oaks, Warwickshire.

Fine, Stevie! Most impressive! Now how about letting us know how you PRONOUNCE IT!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In Pow 43 you had Wee Willie Haggis in a submarine hiding in a depth charge. Hey, shouldn't it have been a torpedo? Submarines don't CARRY depth charges . . . they have 'em chucked at them.

Louis Everett,
Ormskirk, Lanes.

Louis, all we can say is . . . this submarine DID carry depth charges. But don't ask us WHY! We're not too convinced by our argument as it is.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I hope you don't mind me writing to you to point out what I think is an error . . . but the November 5th issue of POW you show Kicks putting a firework up a drain pipe. They explode and hit up a NEST . . . WITH EGGS IN IT! Surely you don't find eggs in nests at THIS time of the year?

Colin J. Brewer,
Bridgend, Glamorganshire.

IT'S A KNOCKOUT!

That's what you and your friends will say about your fabulous, full-colour, Spidey-arted, geary SPIDER-MAN T-SHIRT! AND IT CAN BE YOURS . . .



Just write us an interesting letter about POW! Tell us what you like — even what you don't like — about your favourite weekly! Make it a letter that other readers will want to read! If we publish it, then you get your SPIDEY T-SHIRT!

Just write to: POW! 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Dear Alf and Bart,

I do not really care if this letter gets printed or not. My satisfaction will be in the knowledge that you have just read my letter. My only complaint with your comics is not so much against the papers themselves but is the mud-slinging that your readers send in (via written letters) and that you encourage, against other comic groups. . . .

Laurence Burnett,
Carshalton, Surrey.

WHO? US? Do WE knock other comic groups, Laurence? Where? We can't remember doing so. Are you really sure you mean US? This is a free country, isn't it? . . . and that means folks can like whatever comics they like, right? . . . (even though we DO think they're missing out if they don't plump for Power . . . but then we are just a little biased).

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think POW is the best of all comics and I like TERRIFIC next. But how come you have written on the front of POW "The best of British comics" . . . and the same thing on the front of TERRIFIC? . . .

Robert Fenner,
Hounslow, Middx.

The answer's easy, Robert. Every comics editor thinks his comic is "the best of British comics" . . . and who are we to contradict anyone. Let 'em have their fun, Robert . . . believe us, they deserve it.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I wish you would put something FREE in POW! My sister nearly always has things free in HER comics. . .

John H. Barker,
Kelstedge, Nr. Chesterfield.

We're not giving anything away, John lad. But just stick around . . . and you won't have to wait too long, either! And what about your T-shirts . . . they're free, aren't they?!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

All I can say about the letter from Harry Thayne in POW 43 is that . . . Sheeeesh! . . . he can't have much imagination if he thinks Nick Fury, Agent of SHIELD, is far-fetched! What about Spider-man his favourite feature? He climbs walls and has ten times the strength of any normal person. I love Spider-man, too . . . but isn't HE a little far-fetched, as well?

David Mobray,
Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think your comic POW is great. In issue 43 your reader Harry Thayne said: "I think Nick Fury is too far-fetched." Well, I don't think he is at all. I think he is SMASHING and he has lovely muscles. All I can say to Harry Thayne is he has no imagination. . . .

Elaine Sims,
Belvedere, Kent.

Ever get the kind of feeling that you wish you had NEVER STARTED SOME-

THING, Harry? But you're quite right in coming right out and saying what you think . . . and by the same token so are David and Elaine. We can't all think the same about everything, now can we?

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I hate to inform you that you have made a boob in POW 43. In the short story "Time Was" Eric Kane built a time machine and travelled back to the dawn of time and saw dinosaurs as well as MEN. Well, dinosaurs existed about 160 million years ago. Man has only been on this earth far less than a million years. Could you please explain this?

Alan Gardiner,
Market Harborough, Leics.

How do you explain a boob, Alan? Our only possible excuse (and we're frantically searching for one) is that we just didn't know. You see, it all happened just a little before our time!

Alf and Bart.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

MY TWO FAVOURITE FEATURES IN 'POW' ARE:

1st Favourite.....

2nd Favourite.....

MY AGE IS



THE MIGHTY THOR!

"THE TRIAL OF THE GODS!"

TRIAL BY COMBAT - THE ANCIENT RITUAL! SEE THE THUNDER GOD BATTLE THE EVIL LOKI - BY EDICT OF ODIN, KING OF THE NORSE GODS! FOLLOW THE BREATHLESS, TITANIC CLASH OF IMMORTALS... IN-

FANTASTIC

THIS WEEK 9d

EXPERIMENT

IN THE SECRET LABORATORY OF F.E.A.R. (THE FEDERATION FOR EXTRAORDINARY AND ALIEN RESEARCH) AN EXPERIMENT CARRIED OUT BY DR. MORG TURNED ONE OF HIS ASSISTANTS INTO A FANTASTIC CREATURE, HALF-MAN, HALF GORILLA. THE CREATURE ESCAPED, BUT WAS CAPTURED BY JOE MUNGER, A FAIRGROUND SHOWMAN, WHO PLANNED TO EXHIBIT IT AS A SEARCH-PARTY FROM THE LABORATORY SPED IN PURSUIT, A SINISTER TRANSFORMATION WAS TAKING PLACE...

AS DR. MORG HAD PREDICTED, THE ATOMS OF THE GORILLA HAVE BEGUN TO TAKE POSSESSION OF JOSHUA HENDRICKS!

THE ASSISTANT'S ONCE-FRAIL SINOWS SWELL WITH GROWING, AWESOME STRENGTH!



MEANWHILE, UNSUSPECTING THRILL-SEEKERS ARE POURING INTO JOE MUNGER'S BOOTH!



I PROMISE YOU THE THRILL OF A LIFETIME! THIS FANTASTIC, LIVING FREAK WAS PERSONALLY CAPTURED BY ME IN THE HEART OF THE AMAZON JUNGLE!

IT'S PROBABLY A FRAUD OF SOME KIND... BUT THERE'S NO HARM IN TAKING A LOOK!

SOON THE BOOTH IS FULL!



WHAT DID I TELL YOU, LOFTY? WE'VE NEVER HAD SUCH A CROWD... AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

LET'S HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG, JOE!

IGNORING HIS FRIGHTENED PARTNER, JOE MUNGER SPRINGS ONTO THE STAGE...

NEXT MOMENT!



THIS IS IT, FOLKS... THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR! BEHOLD THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!

THEY'RE PULLING BACK THE CURTAIN!



EEEEEEK! OH, NO!

SHOCKED CUSTOMERS RECOIL FROM THE SCREAMING THING IN THE CAGE!



LOOK AT ITS EYES!

IT... IT'S NOT AN ORDINARY GORILLA! IT CAN'T BE!

SUFFERING CATFISH! SOMETHING'S HAPPENED TO IT!



JOE THAT THING LOOKS DIFFERENT! I'LL SWEAR IT'S CHANGED IN THE LAST HOUR!

L-L-LOOK WHAT IT'S DOING TO THOSE BARS!

METAL BUCKLES LIKE PLASTIC...



THEN...



A FRENZIED GRIP SIEZES THE LINCONSCIOUS SHOWMAN!



LISTEN! I CAN HEAR SCREAMING! CRASHING SOUNDS! EVEN ABOVE THE ROAR OF THE ENGINE!

THE MEN FROM F.E.A.R. REACT SWIFTLY TO DR. MORG'S HARSH COMMAND!

I THINK WE HAVE FOUND OUR QUARRY, GENTLEMEN!

BRING THE APE MAN... AND THE HYPO GUN!

THE FLEEING PEOPLE ARE OBLIVIOUS TO THE STRANGE PROCESSION OF HUNTERS!

ONLY ONE THING COULD INSPIRE SUCH BLIND, UNREASONING TERROR! CAN YOU SEE IT, GREETHAM?

THERE!... CLIMBING THE SCENIC RAILWAY!

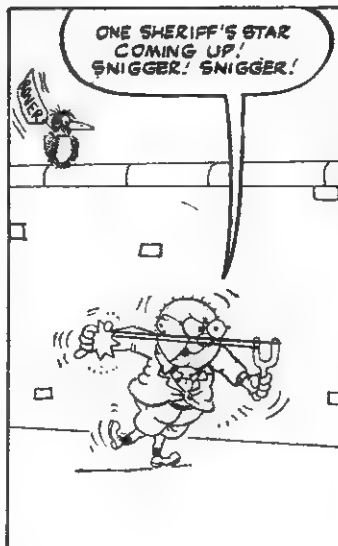
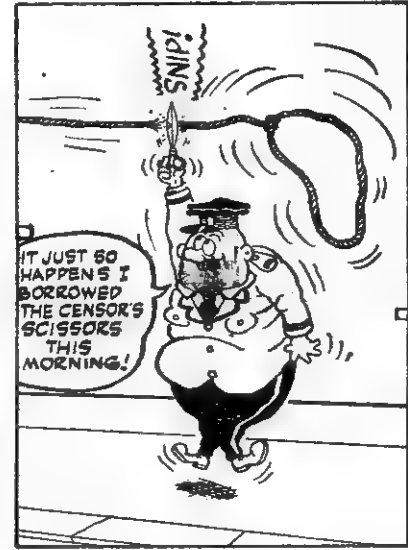
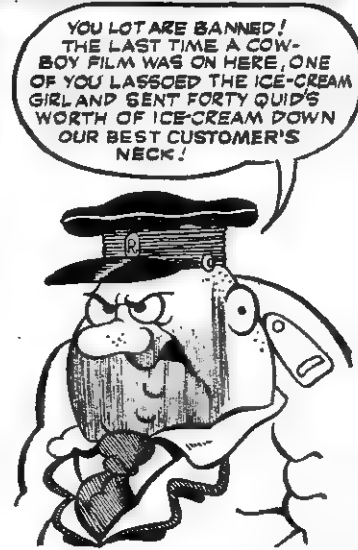
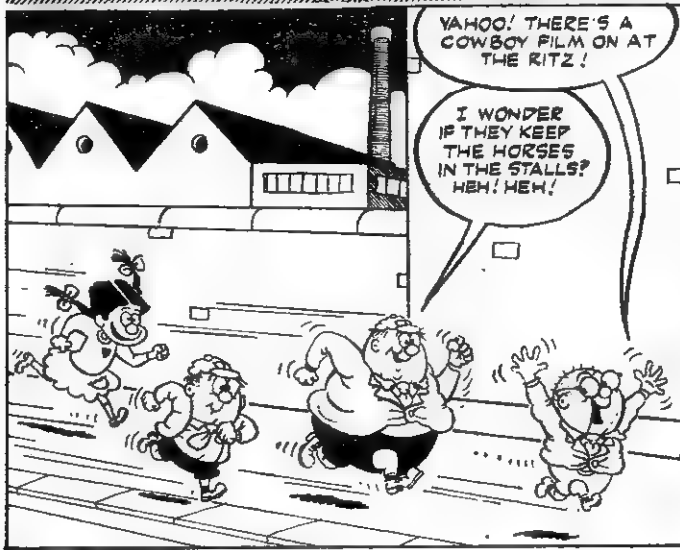
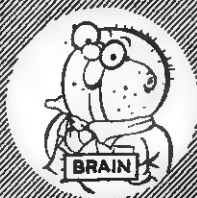


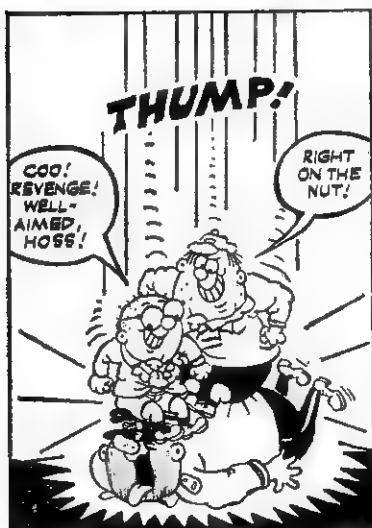
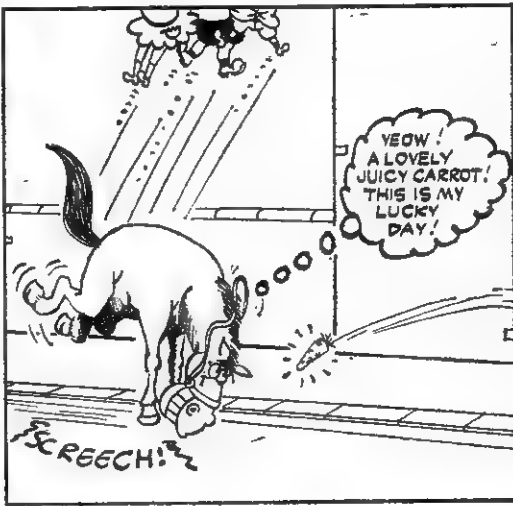
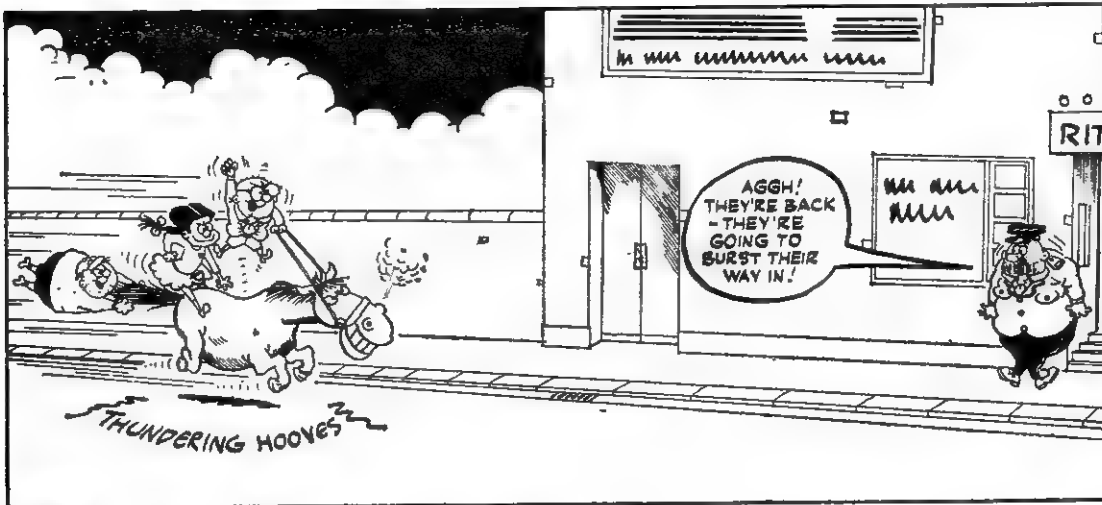
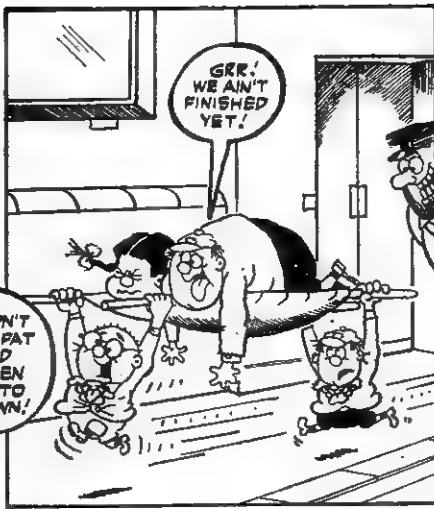
A SECOND LATER... A LOADED TROLLEY HURTTLES DOWNHILL...



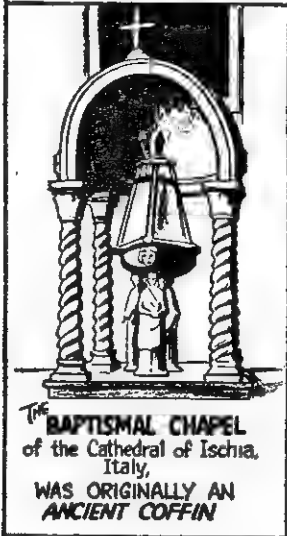
MORE CHILLY THRILLS WITH 'EXPERIMENT X'—NEXT WEEK!!

THE GROUP





Ridley's Believe It or Not!



THE BAPTISMAL CHAPEL
of the Cathedral of Ischia,
Italy,
WAS ORIGINALLY AN
ANCIENT COFFIN



THE MOST ECCENTRIC HOST IN HISTORY

LORD DUNSANY
(1878-1957)
CELEBRATED IRISH
PLAYWRIGHT,
OWNER OF
DUNSANY CASTLE
in County Meath,
Ireland, HAD
A DINING ROOM
AS LARGE AS
A BALLROOM.

THE BELL TO
SUMMON HIS
BUTLER WAS
LOCATED SO FAR
FROM THE HOST'S
SEAT AT THE
TABLE THAT HE
RANG IT BY
FIRING AT
IT WITH A
PISTOL.

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THE MAN WHOSE LIFE
WAS SAVED BECAUSE
HE WAS BITTERLY
HATED

DAVID BECK (1621-1659)
FAMED DUTCH
COURT PAINTER
WHO WOULD NEVER
PERMIT WINE TO
TOUCH HIS LIPS
WAS PRONOUNCED
DEAD IN 1647

HIS SERVANTS,
BITTER AGAINST
THEIR TYRANNICAL
MASTER, POURED
WINE INTO THE
CORPSE'S MOUTH
- AND HE
REVIVED!

THE GODS
of the
Papuan natives
HAVE CLAY
BODIES - TOPPED
BY A HUMAN
SKULL -

TO PREVENT THE
IDOL FROM
OBSERVING THEIR
ACTIONS THE
NATIVES "PUT IT
TO SLEEP" BY
REMOVING THE SKULL



MARBLE MEDALLIONS

WITH STRANGE
PROFILES ON
THEM WERE
HUNG IN THE
ENTRANCE
HALLS OF
ROMAN HOMES
TO DISTRACT THE
EVIL EYE OF
UNFRIENDLY VISITORS



THE CABOCLIOS INDIANS of Brazil

FIRE THEIR BOWS MOST ACCURATELY WHILE LYING ON THEIR BACKS
AND BENDING THE BOW WITH THEIR FEET

news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Nigel Hughes, Barrow-in-Furness; Glenn Yale, Parson Cross, Sheffield 5, Yorks.;
Graham Roberts, Rhymney, Mon.; Charles Pearson, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancs.;
Matthew Rees, Radipole, Weymouth; K. McMahon, Hetton-le-Mole, Co. Durham;
Peter A. Webb, Beeston, Leeds, Yorks.; Alistair McLean, Argyll, Scotland; S. Bowyer,
Northwich, Cheshire; Anthony Beoni, Neath, Glamorgan; Marcia Magee, Aridglass,
Co. Down; Charles Boyle, Rothesay, Bute, Scotland; John Ross, W. Lothian, Scotland;
Barry Seymour, South Ruislip, Middx.; Malcolm McGowan, Dagenham, Essex; Boyd
Mundell, Toward By Dunson, Argyll; Ellis Ezekiel, London, N.16; Martin Roberts,
Medina, West Australia; Gordon Scott, Blythe, Northumberland; Stephen Baker,
Pontyberem.

he's offended. Could be, he's a BRAND
X agent, but he looks far too nice a gent
for that. And there's this big, bulging
sack he's always humping around with
him. Maybe he's a new mail-man whose
lost his way? Your guess is as good as
ours!

SEEING TO THINGS AT THE LAST
MINUTE (that's the way it always seems
to be up here in the garret) the gang
were discussing what to get who for
Christmas this year. What to get our
leader, for instance. Well, someone sug-
gested A SKULL CAP to stop him tearing
his hair out each weekly press day. A

pair of undetachable socks was mooted
for BOLD BART (where did that story
start up about his foot-gear?) but that
was ruled out as impracticable! Came
the bright idea of an addressing machine
for CASANOVA COS, so he could get
his Valentine Cards off in time for once
next year (after all he only has two
months or so left to get them ready).
The list went on and on... but as we
don't want you frantic ones to think
we're DROPPING HINTS or anything
... well, we'll tell you what the gang
really got in their stockings... AFTER
Christmas!

'MEMBER we gave mensh to the
musically-minded garreteers a
few days back. Well, that
started off something and so we're going
to pepper you with more pungent par-
ticularising about Power House person-
nel. Seems we can claim to be repre-
sented by the LITERARY as well as the
musical. All started when someone ups
and infos us that DEVILISH DAVE
TINKLER, chief sub in "Terrific," is a
B.A. (and we do mean a Bachelor of
Arts)! In other words, he's has a
DEGREE! In ENGLISH! Then we dis-
cover that DARLING DAN LLOYD is,
apart from being a highly efficient chief
sub, also Assistant Editor of... and how
do you like this? ... "THE FLYING
SAUCER REVIEW." And to cap it all
KID KEN MENNELL dropped a subtle-
as-a-bulldozer hint that HE HAS A
BOOK BEING PUBLISHED NEXT
YEAR... one of those autobiographical
"How I Won The War" jobs! Yes, we
really have to admit it (and don't think
the idea repulses us) that we're really
quite an INTERESTING bunch up here
in the garret. Unusual! For example,
take this white-bearded old chap in the
kooky red garb who's been seen wander-
ing about the offices these past few
days. There's something different
about him, too. Mind you, we don't
quite know who he is or where he came
from... or what he's doing here any-
way. No one likes to ask him in case

"FOR MY NEXT TRICK?"



MORE COINJURING!

HOW IT LOOKS

Press a borrowed sixpence into your friend's palm with your thumb. When he opens his hand the coin has vanished! Retrieve the coin from behind your ear! Drop it into a glass on the table, and it jumps up and down in answer to questions: one jump for "yes," two for "no." Ask what it thinks of POW and it goes frantic!

HOW IT WORKS

The vanishing sixpence. Place a small piece of wax or chewing gum on the inside tip of your thumb. As you press the coin into your friend's hand it sticks: take your hand away, and the coin comes with it. Your friend will "feel" the coin and think it's still there—until you invite him to open his hand!

Coin from ear. This is easy, and it's all done by bluff! Remember, the coin is now stuck on your thumb. Simply put your hand up to your ear, covering the coin with the first two fingers. Put your thumb behind your ear, bring it out, and reveal the coin. (Try this simple move in front of a mirror and see how deceptive it is!)

The talking sixpence. All you need apart from the glass, the coin and the dab of wax is a length of black cotton. and press it onto the sixpence together with one end of the cotton (this will be easier if the end of the cotton to be waxed has a few knots tied in it).

Now drop the coin into the glass. Hold the free end of the cotton, and pull gently, so that the movement of your hand is not noticed. The sixpence jumps! To finish, jerk the sixpence right out of the glass, catch it, and scrape off the wax and cotton, dropping them onto the floor out of sight.

Thank your pal for the loan of his coin—and give it back before anything else happens to it!



WRITTEN IN FLAMES

EFFECT

A friend writes a name or number on a small piece of notepaper and folds it into quarters. The paper is then torn into small pieces and burnt. As the pieces go up in flames you reveal what your friend wrote!

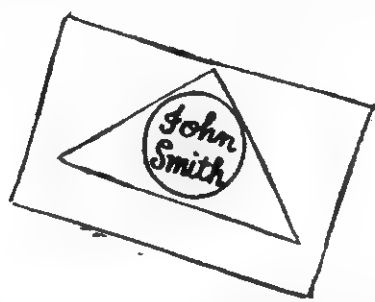
WHAT YOU NEED

A slip of paper about two inches by three; a pencil; matches; an ashtray or plate to catch the ashes—and showmanship!

PRESENTATION

Slowly and deliberately draw a "magic sign" on the paper. It must be placed exactly in the centre.

Your pal writes something inside the sign while your back is turned—a name, word, telephone number or colour. Then

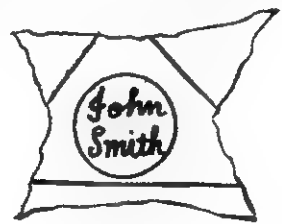


he folds the paper in half, and in half again so the writing is hidden inside.

Turn back and take the folded paper from him. Tear it in half, then in half again. Be sure the centre part of the paper stays at the back—your side.

Ask your friend to light a match. As he does, let the papers drop gently into the ashtray. Secretly retain the centre part between the first two fingers of the left hand.

Take the lighted match with your right hand. As you burn the pieces quietly open the folded paper in your other hand and read what it says. (If you happen to be seated this part is even simpler—just open it quietly on your lap.)



You and your friend then "concentrate on the flames." You pretend (with great difficulty, of course!) to "mind-read" what he wrote.

Screw up the tell-tale paper and pocket it as soon as you can!

...ONE OF THE WAY-OUTEST HEROES IN COMIC-DOM!

Dr. STRANGE

MASTER OF THE MAGICAL MYSTIC ARTS!

APPEARS IN...

TERRIFIC

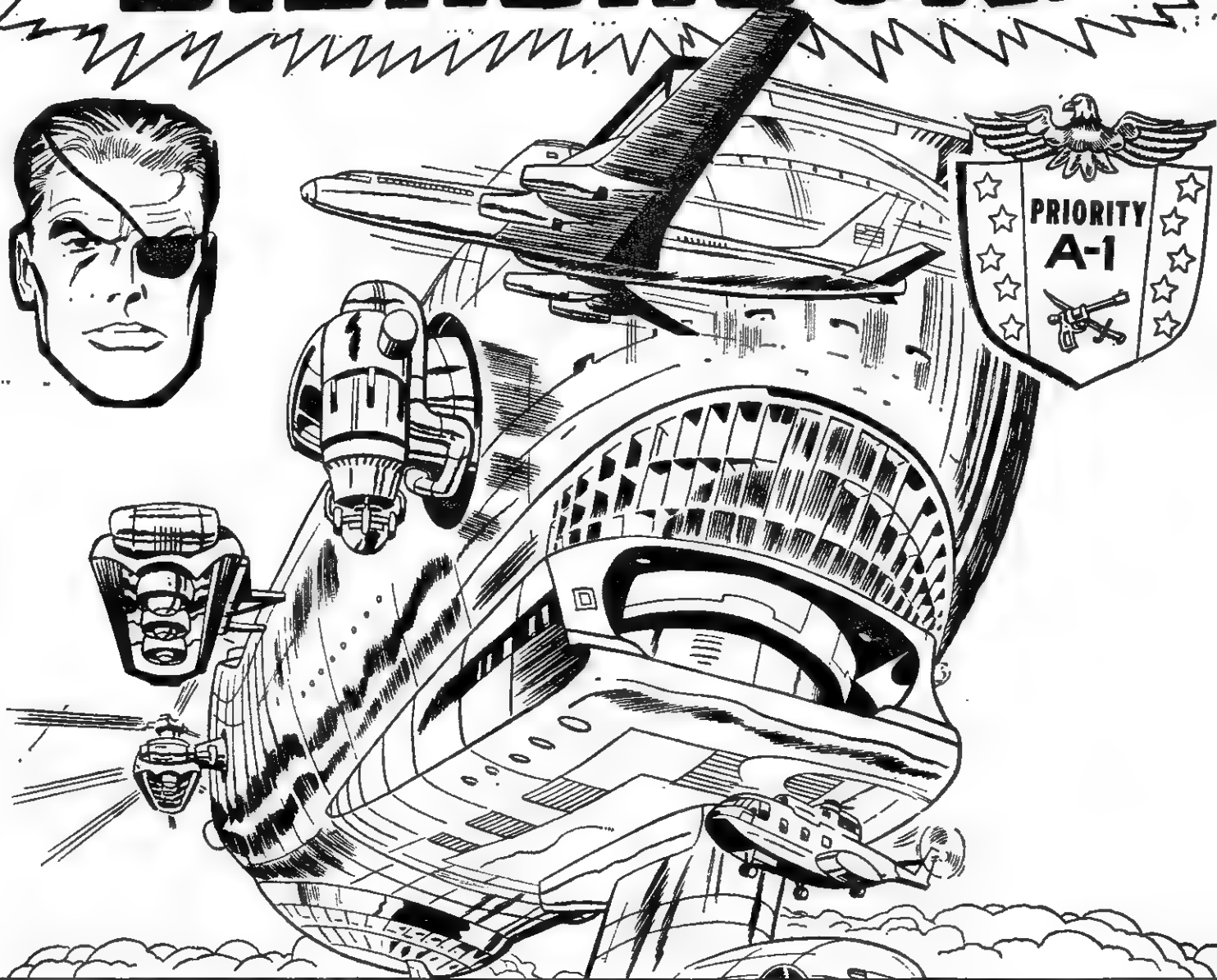
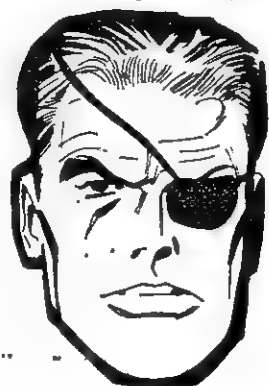
EVERY MONDAY 9d

AND
SPEAKING
OF
MAGIC...

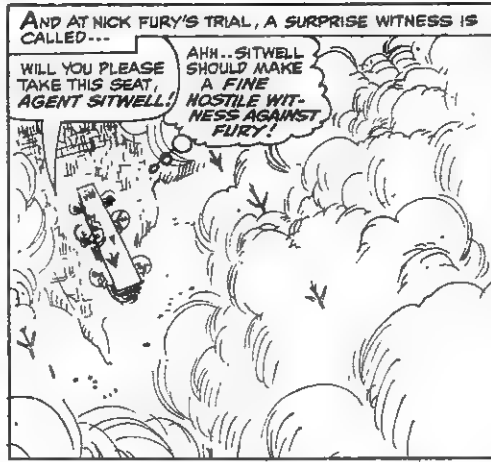


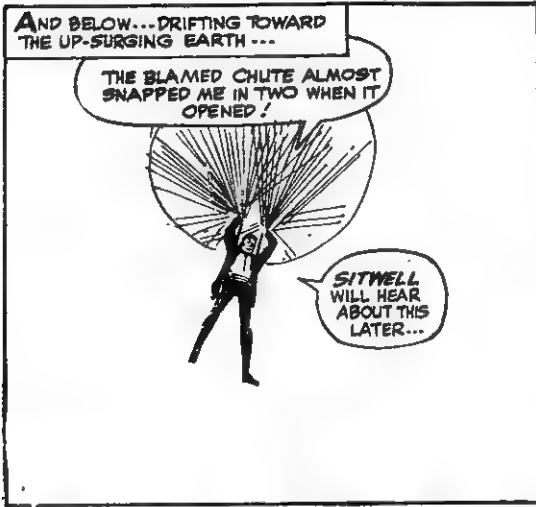
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!
SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION!

"DEATH BEFORE DISHONOUR!"



THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELI-CARRIER HOVERS HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH. INSIDE, A MAN IS ON TRIAL... AND THAT MAN IS COLONEL NICK FURY, DIRECTOR OF S.H.I.E.L.D. ITSELF! COUNT BORG ROYALE, SUBTLE, INTELLIGENT, DEADLY... LEADER OF A.I.M., WHOSE SINISTER INTENT FURY ALONE HAS GUESSED... WEAVES A MESH OF EVIDENCE ABOUT HIS VICTIM. AND WHILE THE TENSION-FILLED TRIAL CONTINUES, A PICKED BAND OF A.I.M. AGENTS ARE INVADING FURY'S SECRET UNDERGROUND HEADQUARTERS...





NEXT WEEK!

SPIDER-MAN

WHERE FLIES THE BEETLE...!

GUEST-STARRING **THE HUMAN TORCH**

THE START OF TWO GREAT NEW STORIES!

NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D.!

SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION

THE END OF A.I.M.!!

LIFE MODEL DECOR X-4512 NICK FURY

SO MAKE DOUBLE SURE OF THE NEXT ISSUE OF...

POW!

EVERY MONDAY 7d

KICKS

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO THIS DAY FOR MONTHS! I'VE BEEN BREEDING MICE— I'VE GOT TONS OF 'EM NOW!



H'MM! THINGS ARE QUIET TODAY! NOT A BLINKING SQUEAK!



HEH! HEH! HERE ARE A COUPLE OF SQUEAKS— THINGS WON'T BE QUIET FOR LONG!



AAGH! I'VE BEEN ATTACKED BY WHACKING GREAT FOUR-LEGGED FLEAS!

HE'D BETTER SHUT THAT CAKEHOLE OR THE MICE MIGHT GET IN IT!



LATER...

THIS BIT CAN'T HAVE BEEN COOKED RIGHT— IT ISN'T THE SAME COLOUR AS THE REST!



AIEEEE-EEK! I'VE HEARD OF OX-TAIL SOUP, BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

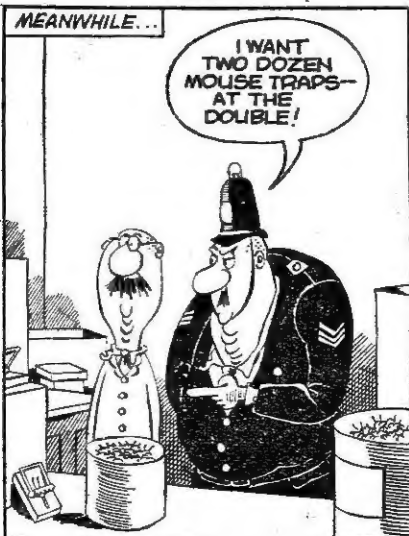


IT TOOK ME NEARLY THREE DAYS TO THINK THAT ONE UP!

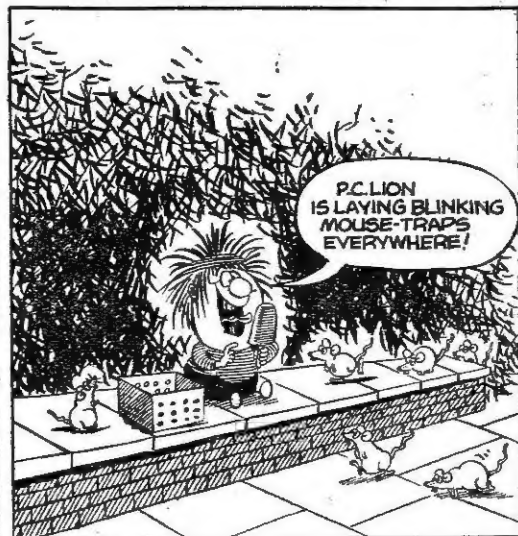


MEANWHILE...

I WANT TWO DOZEN MOUSE TRAPS— AT THE DOUBLE!



P.C. LION IS LAYING BLINKING MOUSE-TRAPS EVERYWHERE!



GRR! TRUST A PERISHING GROWN-UP TO SPOIL EVERYTHING! ALWAYS OPENING THEIR BIG TRAPS!



COME OUT, YOU COWARDS! WE'VE STILL GOT LOADS OF GAGS TO TRY OUT!



I WONDER WHAT EVER GAVE THOSE MICE THE IDEA THAT THE TRAPS WERE FOR THEM?



AAGH! WHAT GOES ON?



WAAH! YAYEE! OOH! DIRTY, ROTTEN GROWN-UP CHEAT!



YOU CAN'T BEAT A NICE, QUIET GAME OF SNAP!

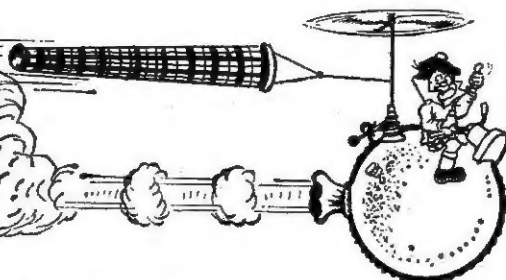


NOW HE KNOWS WHAT IT FEELS LIKE TO BE BITTEN! HEH! HEH!



WEE WILLIE HAGGIS

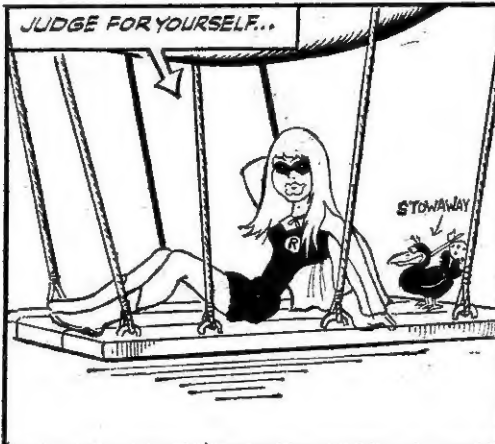
THE SPY FROM SKYE



IN LAST WEEK'S ISSUE, WEE WILLIE DOFFED HIS INFLATED TAM O' SHANTER TO THE GORGEOUS RATWOMAN AND NOW HE AND HAMISH ARE HEADING EARTHWARDS AT ONE HECKLVA SPEED...

YE MAD SON O' A HIGHLAND HALFWIT - WHAT DID YE DOFF YOUR HAT FOR - YE LET THE AIR OUT!

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF...



SEE WHAT I MEAN?

ACH WELL, YOU'RE RIGHT, WILLIE - MAYBE IF WE HAGGIS WORE HATS I'D HAVE LIFTED MINE, TOO!

ER - SHE WAS A BIT DISHY THOUGH - WASN'T SHE?



I REMEMBER I WAS ONCE MADLY IN LOVE WITH A BONNIE WEE HAGGESS BUT SHE RAN AWAY TO A BURNS SUPPER WITH A TURNIP. SIGH!

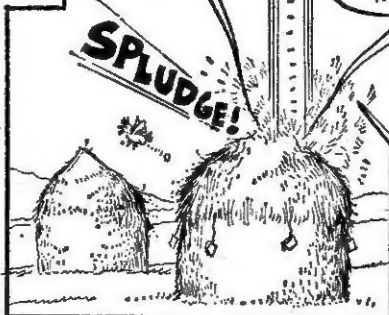
SIGH!



JINGS! WE'RE IN LUCK, HAMISH - A SOFT LANDING!

SLAP BANG INTO A COW'S DINNER - OOH! THE LUXURY!

SPLUDGE!



TRUST HAMISH TO FIND THE NEEDLE IN IT!

AIEE! OOH! OOH!



A NEEDLE - JUST THE THING TO BURST RATMAN'S BALLOON BEFORE HE DROPS HIS DIABOLICAL STARCH ALL OVER MANCHESTER!

VERY CLEVER, LADDIE - BUT RATMAN'S MILES AWAY NOW!

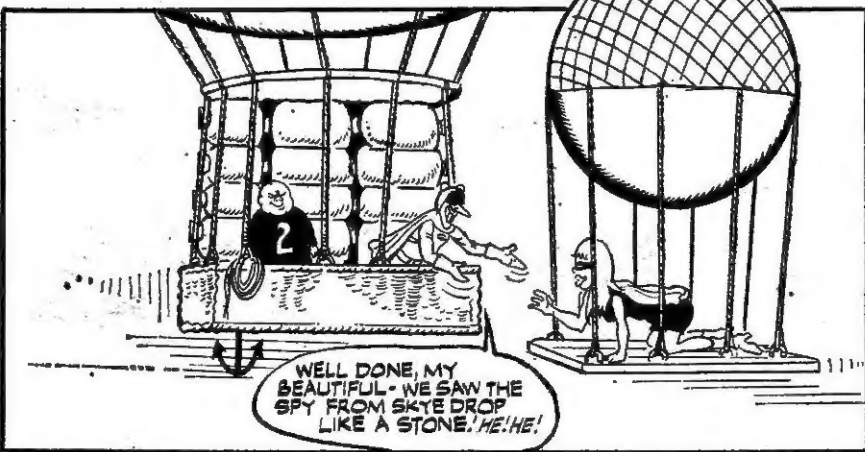


WE'LL FIX A HOMING BUTTON ON IT, HAMISH, AND SEND IT UP AFTER THAT MADMAN!

YE'VE GOT EVERYTHING! YE DON'T HAVE ANY STICKING PLASTER BY ANY CHANCE?

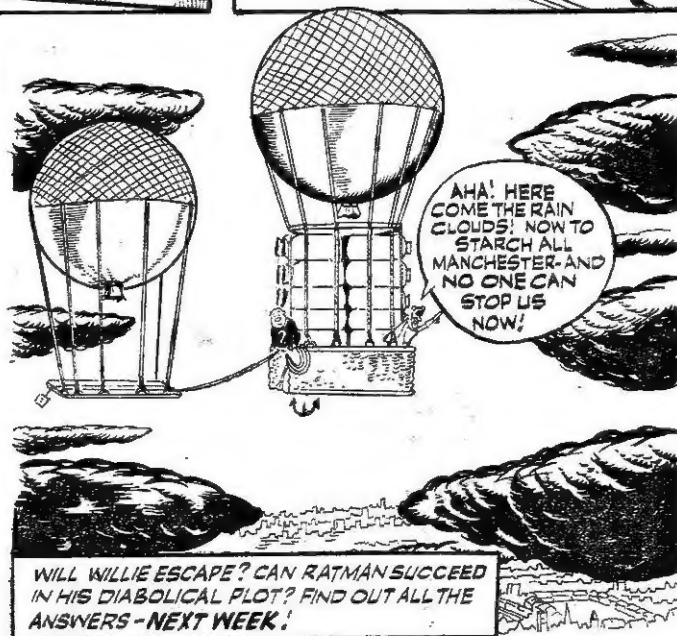
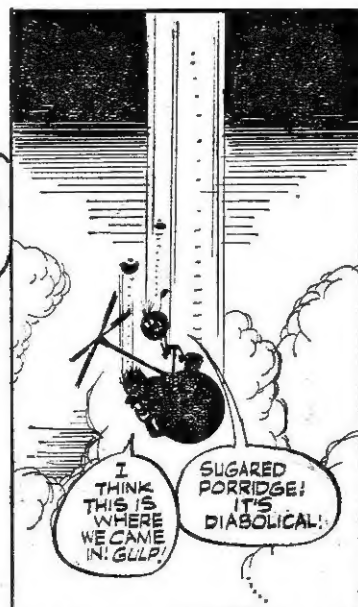
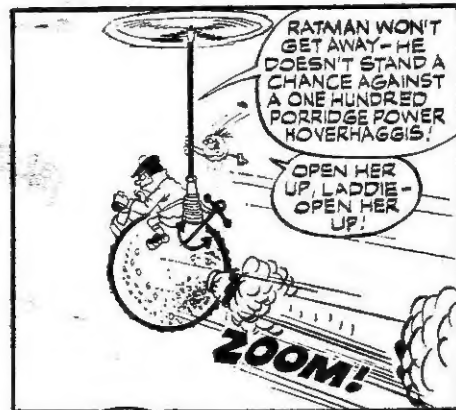
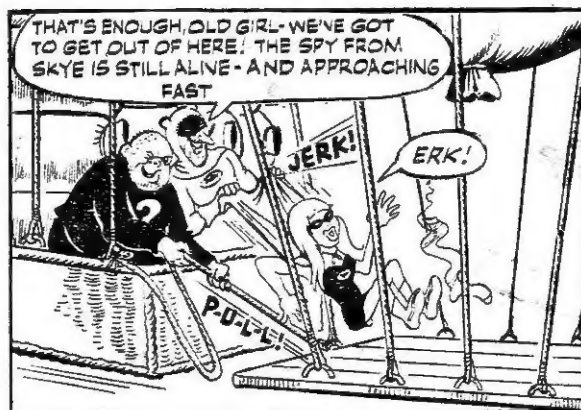
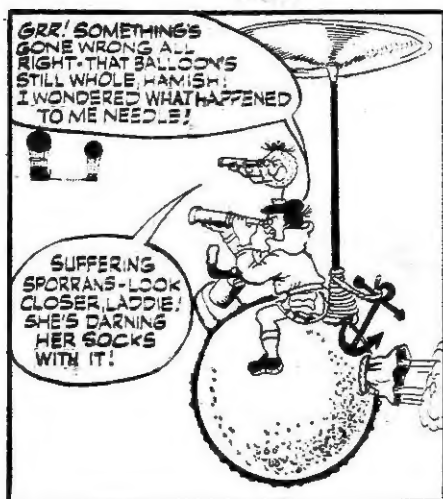
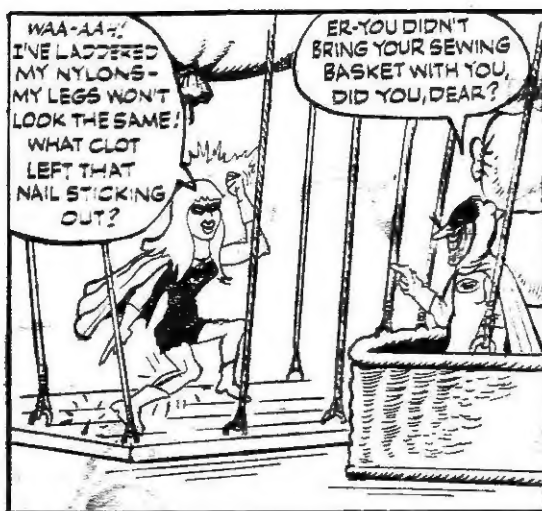


HEH! HEH! NOTHING LIKE GNING RATMAN THE NEEDLE - COME ON! LET'S GET THE HOVERHAGGIS AND FOLLOW THE FUN!



WELL DONE, MY BEAUTIFUL - WE SAW THE SPY FROM SKYE DROP LIKE A STONE. HEHE!





MARINE SECTION

NO, FOLKS! - I AIN'T JOINING THE ROYAL MARINES! THIS IS THE ZOO, AND THAT IS THE SECTION WHERE THE DENIZENS OF THE DEEP ARE HOUSED! (GULP!) GEOFFREY ASH, OF ROMFORD, HAS SENT ME AN "AQUATIC" DARE!

LET'S HUP INTO DAVY'S HUT - SHALL WE - AND TAKE A PEEK AT THIS "ROMFORD-REVELATION"!

GURGLE-GLUG! GLOOYK! GLOOYK! WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE! IT'S DARED HIM TO STAY IN A TANK FOR FIVE MINUTES WITH AN OCTOPUS! WE'VE GOT TO GIVE IT OTHER INSTRUCTIONS! HAVE, PAL! -IT'LL CARRY THEM OUT ANY SECOND!

ONE SECOND LATER - YOU MEAN LIKE THIS, MISTER HYDE?

THAT'S IT - SO WE WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO HIS WEEKLY LOAD OF MUSH ABOUT GOOD AND EVIL.

JUST HOLD HIM THERE WHILE I NUDGE DAVY INTO ACTION.

AND SO - WITH HIS WILL POWER OUT OF ACTION - DAVY RESPONDS TO HIS "BAD-SELF".

ER! - MIND IF I COME IN FOR A FEW MINUTES? FIVE - TO BE PRECISE! KNOCK KNOCK ANOTHER HUMAN TAKING THE MIKE! I'LL TEACH THIS ONE A LESSON.

DELIGHTED TO HAVE YOU! COME IN - AND TAKE A DEEP BREATH! GUR-R-R! ANOTHER BRAT TANTALISING HECTOR. WHIZZ! ERK! STEADY ON!

LEAVING CUTHBERT WITH A HATE COMPLEX FOR ANYONE UNDER THE AGE OF SIXTEEN. STOP TORMENTING THAT ANIMAL, OR I'LL GLOOSH-GURGLE!! HOI! YOU!

ERK! MY INK-SAC!

ONE MINUTE LATER. SNARL! WHEN I FIRST TOOK THIS JOB, I WAS KIND, WITH A NATURAL LOVE OF CHILDREN! SNARL! GNASH! GRIND!

GLUG! - BUT THANKS TO CRUEL LITTLE RUNTS LIKE YOU, I'VE TURNED HARD, INTOLERANT AND WITHOUT MERCY - TAKE THAT! W'N THAT! BAM! THUD

EE-YOWLK! HE'S GONE BERSERK DOWN THERE!! SWIPING OUT AT ANYTHING THAT MOVES! LET ME OUT! FIEND! UGGLE! SADIST! AGH! GLUG! BIFF GLUG! EEEK! CRACK OUCH! 00-YAH!

HELP! HECTOR! CATCH ME! HE'S GONE POTTY! GRAH-H! ROAR! BELLOW! NIC! GLOYK! SPLASH SWIPE

WHEW! THANKS, PAL! SAVED! THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! THIS HAS TO BE ACCOUNTED FOR NOW, MATE - WHIEEEEE

SWISH-HH- LIKE THIS, AND THIS, AND THIS! THWACK SPLATT WHOP AGH! NO! NO! BUT FOR YOUR TOMFOOLERY I WOULDN'T HAVE THIS BUMP ON ME BONCE! NAUTICAL NIT! YOU'RE DOING IT ALL WRONG! GRIP HIM WITH ONE TENTACLE, AND WHACK HIM WITH THE OTHER SEVEN! SNARL HATE

LATER - EN ROUTE FOR ROMFORD - AFTER HECTOR WAS ACTED ON CUTHBERT CRUMP'S SUGGESTION - MUTTER - BURLB - GIBBER! SNARL! ACHING TINGLE-THROB GNASH GRIND JOG-STING SMART IF I MISS HIM WITH THE MIDDLE ONE, ONE OF THE TWO OUTSIDE ONES IS BOUND TO MAKE CONTACT! YOUR POUND'S ON THE WAY, GEOFF! BUT GRAB IT QUICK, BUY A TRAIN TICKET, AND SCARPER BEFORE DAVY GETS THERE! all a Bort